

people like to watch dances and listen to music even if they do not themselves dance.

"Second: If people after paying for admittance to the dancing compartment can go out and get back without paying again, it is a new dispensation, it was not so when the season opened.

"Third: I still stick to my opinion of the orchestra and will not apologize for what I said, until a competent committee hears that orchestra and then reports that my musical ear needs fresh disciplining.

"Fourth: What I said about bathing suits was partly from hearsay and partly from experience. I swam in the suit I obtained, but I felt all the time that I was taking a risk that only a great desire for a swim could plead a justification for. I was told that good suits could be chartered for 50 cents.

"Fifth: I don't believe I am a kicker. My imagination was certainly not diseased regarding the bathing suits; that was a case of the bare facts, and I certainly had no desire to injure the business of Saltair. On the other hand I hoped that my story might prompt such inexpensive changes as would double the patronage of that place.

"In conclusion I predict that if the management persists in keeping the dancers fenced in, it will cost it ten times what will be saved by it. Saltair ought to draw the crowd.

"Yours truly,

"IN THE SWIM."

THE KILLERS.

It happened that once a man ran past Socrates armed with an axe. He was in pursuit of another who was running from him at full speed.

"Stop him! Stop him!" he cried.

Plato's master did not move.

"What!" cried the man with the axe; "couldst thou not have barred his way? He is an assassin!"

"An assassin? What meanest thou?"

"Play not the idiot! An assassin is a man who kills."

"A butcher, then?"

"Old fool! A man who kills another man."

"To be sure! A soldier!"

"Dolt! A man who kills another man in times of peace."

"I see—the executioner."

"Thou ass! A man who kills another in his home."

"Exactly. A physician."

Upon which the man with the axe fled—and is running still.—La Terre.

The German girl who presided over the soda fountain in Heckelmeyer's drug store was accustomed to patrons who did not know their own minds, and her habit of thought was difficult to change.

"I'd like a glass of plain soda," said a stout man, entering one day in evident haste as well as thirst.

"You have vanilla, or you have lemon?" tranquilly inquired the young woman.

"I want plain soda—without syrup. Didn't you understand me?" asked the stout man, testily.

"Yes," and the placid German face did not change in expression or color. "But what kind syrup you want him without? Without vanilla, or without lemon?"—Youth's Companion.

THE RETURN.

By Alfred Noyes.

O, hedges white with laughing may,
O, meadows where we met,
This heart of mine must break today
Unless ye, too, forget.

Breathe not so sweet, breathe not so sweet,
But swiftly let me pass

Across the fields that felt her feet
In the old time that was.

A year ago, but one brief year,
O, happy flowering land,
We wandered here and whispered there,
And hand was warm in hand.

O, crisp white clouds beyond the hill,
O, lavender in the skies,
Why do ye all remember still
Her bright up-lifted eyes?

Red heather on the windy moor,
Wild thyme beside the way,
White jasmine by the cottage door,
Harden your hearts today.

Smile not so kind, smile not so kind,
Thou happy haunted place,
Or thou wilt strike these poor eyes blind
With her remembered face.
—From the London Daily Mail.

THE GRADUATES.

By McLandburgh Wilson.

Once more a world all tired and worn
With buffeting of fates
Is called upon to rise and greet
The sweet young graduates.

They mean to elevate the world
And raise its sordid bent,
But all too soon will they find out
They cannot raise the rent.

D. haunted by experience
For great reforms they ache,
They burn with fine religious zeal,
And also burn the steak.

So hail them as they proudly stand
In learned row on row,
They know each blessed thing on earth
Except how much they know.
—New York Sun.

CERTAINTY.

By Mabel Porter Pitts, in Town Talk.

Long has it been and tedious the way
That marks the search, but hope shown ever bright

And kindly stars appeared, to make the night
Less dismal than had been the passing day,
And, too, a cheering word would oft times stray
On wings of folly down the barren waste,
And tempting lips would check my eager haste,
And pleading eyes my resolutions sway;
But deep desire for that still held denied
Came ever with the dawning of the sun
And sent me on my way unsatisfied.
One day I knew my pilgrimage was done;
I knelt within a sacred shrine, aside,
And heard my heart say, "Rest. This is the one."

"Our engagement will have to be temporarily suspended," announced the summer girl, calmly.
"Oh, impossible," the young man vowed. "It will have to be. My husband writes that he is coming down for a week."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Forethought.—Mother: "I swear that after you have married that man, I'll never cross your threshold."

Daughter: "Please put that down in writing."
Mother: "Why should I do that?"
Daughter: "I'd like to give it to my intended as a wedding present."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

An Indiana bard has written a poem entitled: "When Katie Gathers Greens." While it cannot be classed as a heavenly inspiration, it contains some dandy lines, see?

Ring 3545 for reliable messengers.

A man has just died at Geneva, Switzerland, at the age of 102 who never consulted a doctor, never took medicine, never drank, smoked or chewed, never swore, and never kissed any woman but his mother. The mollicoddles of the land should erect a monument to the memory of their departed patriarch.

Whisky in bulk has gone up two cents a gallon. In gulp it yet remains at the time-honored figure of a dime and a half, or two for a quarter.

GAS

We take great pleasure in announcing to the public that our new plant is now completed, and that we will begin the manufacture of gas

THIS MONTH

This means an enormous amount of work for us to connect up the ranges and meters for our consumers, right away, and you should by all means select your Ranges *at once* or we will not be able to have your connections made by the time Gas is in the mains. Call and see our fine line of Gas Ranges; leave your order, or phone to have our Representative call on you.

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